

THE 3.
LOSS,
OF THE
HANDKERCHIEF.
An HEROIC-COMIC
POEM,
In Four CANTOS.

By Mr. WRIGHT.

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare Dolorem. VIRG.

L O N D O N:

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THE
LOSS
OF THE
HANDKERCHIEF.

CANTO I.

THE nicest Ear oft trifling Matters claims;
And little Wonders ask eternal Fame.
Smile then, *Aurelia*, and the Muse shall
tell,

Of Lords rejected by a country Belle;
Shall still tell on, and still shall be admir'd,
Of Crape surviving, where lac'd Coats expir'd.

Say, *Cupid*, Regent of the female Heart,
 Source of our Woe, and Parent of our Smart;
 Thou that sway'st all Things by thy pow'rful Reign,
 And as thou wilt, give Pleasure, Grief or Pain;
 That can the Peasant from the Dart defend,
 Make Tyrants suppliant, and the Haughty bend:
 That arms pert *Peggy* with uncommon Spears,
 To make her Parson blunder in his Pray'rs.
 Are other Mischiefs left for human Race,
 To injur'd fall by something more than Face?

Close by the Confines of a learned Town,
 Not less rever'd for ——— than Gown,
Flòrella liv'd, of ev'ry Eye the Gaze,
 Of ev'ry Youth the Wonder, and the Praise.
 To deck this Nymph was *Venus's* only Care,
 With two black Eyes, and curling jetty Hair;
 By nicest Touches sweetly to dispose,
 On her fair Face the Lilly and the Rose;

Smile

Smile grows on Smile, and Graces Graces meet,
 'Till all the living Wonder stood complete.

Now a warm Fire in ev'ry Bosom burns,
 And Life and Death her Looks dispense by Turns;
 For her the Youths awake the sounding String;
 For her they languish, and for her they sing;
 Oft she frequents the gay assembl'd Round,
 Inspires the Concert with a sweeter Sound;
 'Midst tender Words and Compliments she glows,
 And takes the Bending of admiring Beaus.

But, strange! In female Minds lurks the Disease,
 That what most pleases, seldom long can please;
 Tho' Shafts of Darts and Charms are still in Store,
 They peevish grow, and sigh for something more.

Still gloomy Thoughts the anxious Nymph oppress,
 And deep Concern sat heavy on her Breast;

On

On bended Knees before her Mirror spread,
In humble Accent thus the Virgin said.

How far all Beauty, since I know, extends,
Where it begins, and where its Empire ends;
When be eclips'd, and must no longer shine;
When in full Bloom, and when in full Decline.
Reflection sad! But ah! I fear too true,
What Small-Pox don't, yet Years will surely do:
The Canker Time will eat these Charms away,
And Eye-brows black, must turn to Eye-brows grey.
What Nymph, when Beauty has withdrawn its
Arms,
Can bear Existence without former Charms?
How vainly then to please the World we strive,
Good Gods! by Paint, by Patch, at Thirty-five:
Nor all our Washes will avail one Pin,
Unless, indeed, to wash away our Sin;
Besides, Mankind, forgetful of our Face,
In Adoration can we hope a Place:

But

But strangely shuffl'd now, from that to this,
 And for our Ages be refus'd a Kiss:
 'Till faded quite, this on our Tomb be spy'd,
 That just we oddly liv'd, and mournful dy'd,

Since hard the Labour to perpetuate Fame;
 If this fair Face will not preserve a Name;
 From these two Hands let some one Work arise,
 The Gaze of Nations, and the World's Surprise,
 To future Nymphs, that may unfaded shine,
 The Art of Woman by an Aid divine.

Celestial *Pallas*, grant my ardent Pray'r:
 The pensive Goddess seem'd to lend an Ear.

Now on the Table lies in order spread,
 The polish'd Needle, and the slender Thread.
 In twice eight Months an Handkerchief arose,
 Her present Pleasure, but her future Woes.

First, on the Surface, with full-Lustre shone,
 The lucid Orbit of th' enliv'ning Sun;
 And next the paler Glory of the Night,
 With Virgin Beams, diffusing silver Light.
 Confest to View lay Earth's extended Plain,
 Girt and surrounded by th' encircling Main;
 See bending Vines *Pomona's* Wealth declare,
 And *Flora* triumph thro' the fragrant Year.

Here grazing Herds a rural Prospect yield,
 There golden Harvests yellowing all the Field;
 Now soaring Birds with well-pois'd Wing prepare,
 To flit the Sky, and sail the liquid Air.
 Two Shepherds next each others Woes impart,
 One mourns his Love, and one his stolen Heart;
 Thro' lonely Groves, conducted by Despair,
 They leave their Flocks, that once deserv'd their
 Care.

Here

Here Meads arise, enrich'd with living Green,
And winding Waters interspers'd between ;
In ev'ry Part unnumber'd Beauties meet,
And breathing Zephyrs made the Work complete.

The whole Creation in due Order laid,
And artless Nature on the Surface play'd.



T H E

There is a small, narrow, shallow, green,

spring, or rather, a small, shallow, green,

spring, or rather, a small, shallow, green,

spring, or rather, a small, shallow, green,

The water is very pure and clear,

The water is very pure and clear,



THE

T H E
L O S S
O F T H E
H A N D K E R C H I E F .

C A N T O II.

NOT more could Matrons on the bridal
Night,

To see *Sol* ficken with departing Light ;

Not more could *Bet*, deliver'd in the Dark,

From the rude Kisses of a raking Spark :

Not Boys for Play-days to conceal a Truth ;

Not antient Maidens flatter'd into Youth ;

Not *Nancy* more, when to her Love resign'd,
 To gladly loose, what she with Pain confin'd;
 Than joy'd the Nymph, when open to her View,
 The Work her Fingers and Invention drew.

There Admiration, while each Eye may gaze,
 Praise she receiv'd, but not too fond of Praise :
 On her still Mind black Phantoms sit no more ;
 Nor feels the Anguish that she felt before.

Where pipes the Shepherd, and the Lamblings
 play,
 And quick'ning Sun-Beams sport in open Day,
 Close by these Fields delights th' intrepid Fair,
 To bid Spring rise, and to refresh the Air :
 Or when attended by her Virgin Train,
 In flow'ry Meadows and the level Plain;
 Their fainter Beauty to their Centre shone,
 As ev'ning *Cynthia* to the Mid-day Sun.

And

And now the gen'ral Passion runs thro' all,
 Nor one is spar'd of either, great or small.
 Lac'd Coat, unlac'd, to the same Wish aspire,
 The Work they view, but still the Nymph ad-
 mire ;

In Billet-doux their ardent Passions prove,
 Oft they displease, but never once can move.
 O cruel Force of unaverted Fate !
 Where bleed the Poor and undistinguish'd Great.

Nor less rever'd by all the blooming Fair,
 She sets the Fashions and prescribes the Air :
 Directress chief of ev'ry brilliant Ball,
 And tells how low the Curtsy ought to fall ;
 When to withdraw, and with a Grace divine,
 To part the Biscuit, and inhale the Wine.
 A thousand Ways to moderate the Fan,
 And fall and ficken at th' Expression, Man !

But since for Maidens planted ev'ry where,
 Waves a dire Net and an insidious Snare ;
 What boots a Lass to flatter for a Day,
 And on the next to fall a certain Prey?
 To be suspended betwixt that and this,
 Whether to grant, or to refuse a Kiss?
 A Lord's Desire, or Peasant's Wish to crown,
 Sweeten in Smiles, or wrinkle in a Frown?
 How oddly then in Shyness to persist?
 Their Fate is carv'd, and who can Fate resist?

But *Pallas*, not unmindful of the Fair,
 To Father *Jove* prefers a sacred Pray'r ;
 With Eye sagacious not to overlook,
Florella's Fortune in the fatal Book.

Much like as Folio's are dispos'd below,
 So two large Volumes lie on *Jove's* Bureau ;

Where

Where stands on Record, ev'n to Death from Birth,
 What will betide us Mortals here on Earth.
 Not long delay'd the Thund'rer's mighty Call,
 But issu'd was the Mandate thro' the Hall:
 As all in carthiy Juries must agree;
 So ev'ry one alike in Heaven must see.

On Marble Tables lie the Books display'd;
 The Heav'nly Synod in due Form array'd.

There one might read the fixt Decree of Things,
 The Rise of Empire, and the Fate of Kings:
 What Statesman next shall fall into Disgrace;
 When *Clara's* Freckles shall undo her Face;
 When *Cynthia's* Smiles shall be with Frowns re-
 paid;
 When *Molly* must no longer pass a Maid;
 When *Celia* gratis shall the P—— afford;
 What *Irish* Lady shall ensnare a Lord;

When

When *France* and *England* shall compose their
Strife,

And who shall be a Curate all his Life ;
When pious Churchmen shall withstand the Call,
And ne'er cry *Nolo* if a See shou'd fall ;
When frightful Comets shall again appear,
And what new Poem will arise next Year.

The Scroll perus'd at last to all their Grief,
Her Name was found on one unlucky Leaf ;
That some Disaster shou'd the Fair beset,
But when or where was not determin'd yet ;
Whether of Trinkets shou'd sustain a Loss ;
Or from a Lover meet a thwarting Cross :
Whether false Censure shou'd affect her Name ;
Or soil her Shoes, her Petticoat, or Fame.

Thus much discuss'd, the whole celestial State,
In pensive Posture clos'd the Books of Fate.

T H E
L O S S
O F T H E
H A N D K E R C H I E F .

C A N T O I I I .

BUT far from *Jove* departs refreshing rest;
For Gods themselves are not completely
blest.

What Fate intends more anxious still to know,
With Eyes fix'd stedfast on the World below :
Inspecting all his Subjects diff'rent Sports,
And ev'ry Vice in Cottages and Courts ;

What's

What's acted fly within an Alley dark;
 And views the gaudy Circus of *Hyde-Park*.

Lo! He beheld close at her Toilet's Side,
Florella deck'd in all her last of Pride,
 To pay one fatal Visit to her Coft;
 And sure to visit is no Sin at most,
 Time, that brings all Things, brings the Danger
 near;
 For, where the Girls, the Black-Gowns gather'd are,

And now the Nymphs around the Table join,
 (In Number equal to the sacred Nine)
 In harmless Chat to prattle Time away,
 And drown blue Vapours in three Cups of Tea;
 There one admires how e'er this World began;
 The next explains the full Design of Man;
 A third interprets, (stranger to believe!)
 The Dress in which the Serpent tempted *Eve*;

And

And how our antient Grand-dame was betray'd,
 And vows 'twas done by Sword-Knot and Cockade;
 While spotless Miss the wretched Fate deplores,
 Of Barbers Daughters and bewitching Whores.

Ah Tea! too fatal to the *British* Maid,
 What Schemes, what Snares shall ask thy wicked
 Aid?

Shall luscious *Lucy* play her wanton Tricks,
 And not too soon upon her Foot-man fix?
 Shall forward *Delia* sicken at a Ball?
 Shall *England* perish, or *Florella* fall?

And now begins the pretty Sport of Love,
 One gives an Ogle, and one steals a Glove;
 Now titt'ring hunt the Slipper round the Room,
 While in their Turns Complexions go and come.
 In Rank and File now as an Army stands,
 All up in Arms at Questions and Commands.

D

What

What will betide, a Mortal cannot say,
 When wanton Women will such Gambols play.

But still Mankind, forever on the Watch,
 Like greedy Falcons at their Prey to catch,
 When out of Heart's the Fair they cannot tease,
 A Trinket, Necklace, or a Knot, they'll seize;
 So Gamesters-like, that almost are undone,
 They'll play small Games, before they'll play at
 none.

When lo! a fraudulent Elf among the rest,
 Of Cunning more than Piety possest,
 Within his Keeping held a little Wand,
 That nought below it's Influence can withstand;
 Of Power divine, and Efficacy such,
 That's sure to take whate'er it can but touch;
 Much like the Rod that erst had *Maia's* Son,
 By which his Tricks in Heav'n and Earth were
 done:

Whether

Whether by Pray'r or Fasting it was gain'd,
None know, some say, by Eloquence obtain'd.

But when on Mischief Mortals Minds are bent,
How vain all Caution oft to baulk th' Intent.
What Nymph at Play her Safety cou'd dispute,
Or dream of Danger in a kind Salute.
No sooner willing Lips to Lips were join'd,
Than wicked Thoughts inspire the Lover's Mind;
If not *Florella's* Person to possess,
At least to gain some Token of Success,
To the dire Wand across her Bosom drawn,
The yielding Pins resign the sacred Lawn,
He bears the Prize away with all his Might,
She springs, demanding, but in vain her Flight.
Then gush'd a Torrent from her weeping Eyes,
And a shrill Clamour went thro' all the Skies.
All Nature startles at the direful Shock,
'The Tea-Boards tremble, and the Toilets rock ;

Th' expiring China on the Carpet lies,
And Ghosts of Tea-Pots glid before her Eyes.

And now posselt, the Victor cry'd I'll claim,
The Orb's great Rumour and eternal Fame;
For me shall youthful Bards o'erflow with Lays,
And with immortal Numbers deck my Days:
By me, in Worlds, the noblest Prize is won,
All vain what Lords, what Earls, what Dukes have
done.

While *Sophs* Delight in universal Sway,
And feel th' Infl'ence of St. *Andrew's* Day;
While op'ning Casements longing Virgins shew;
While Wives from Husbands claim at Night their
Due;
While Nymphs attentive to their Lovers stand,
And take a silent squeezing by the Hand;
While Coquets mindful of their ogling Trade,
And spacious Hoops enlarge the rich Brocade;

While

While *British* Cox-combs pant in golden Lace ;
While *British* Ladies paint a pretty Face ;
While Sattin Shoes their lower Honours give ;
So long may she, my Fame shall longer live.



T H E

While the ... in golden ...

While the ... a ...

While the ...

... long ...



T H E
L O S S
O F T H E
H A N D K E R C H I E F .

C A N T O IV.

BUT bath'd in Tears, the raging Nymph
complains,

And a strange Tumult swell'd in all her Veins.

Not more a Damfel, fond of modest Fame,

To drop her Garter, nor dare stoop for Shame :

Not a kind Youth, when fretful Flames arise,

To see his Mistress smile on others Eyes :

Not

Not more *Achilles*, fir'd with fierce Disdain,
 Griev'd for his Friend, the dear *Patroclus* slain;
 Than did the Nymph, whose Tears her Woes betray
 For that one Charm, the Work of many a Day.

Where once was Joy, now naught but Grief re-
 mains,

And Heart-fetch'd Sighs and Melancholy reigns;
 No sprightly Concerts sooth the list'ning Ear;
 No News of Sweet-hearts stop the falling Tear;
 No Talk of Fashions can the Spleen suppress;
 No future Conquests, nor a new Head-dress.
 All kind Prescriptions but augment the Pain,
 And Citron Waters, tho' apply'd, are vain:
 While stretch'd upon her Couch without Relief,
 The Nymph, despairing, utter'd thus her Grief,

O must I wand'ring seek the farthest Shore,
 Nor *Cambridge* see me, that has seen before.

Forgot

Forgot by Heav'n, disconsolate I'll roam,
 Forsake Mankind, neglect my native Home.
 No more, expos'd, this guiltless Breast shall shun
 The nightly Tempests, or the daily Sun:
 No more shall Youths their Adoration bring;
 Nor the wide World into my Praises ring:
 No more pernicious shall these Eye-balls roll,
 But coldly waste beneath a frozen Pole.
 O! how distracting! when I read my Glass,
 Nor learn the former Lesson of my Face:
 For sad Exchange has ev'ry Feature flown,
 And spring Defects where Beauties would have grown
 In ev'ry Eye the Scandal black appears,
 And Fame loud thunders to ill-natur'd Ears:
 Sure this Disaster never cou'd be thrown,
 But for Nymphs Pride, and not for Pride my own
 Unhappy I! their Sins shou'd Veng'ance call,
 And happy they, that I must bear them all:
 Shall *Delia* triumph in my foul Disgrace?
 Or when she sees me laugh it to my Face?

Sooner shall Miss forget to wave her Fan,
 And *Cambridge* Virgins learn to hate a Man:
 No; Flight direct me with thy swiftest Pace,
 To some lone Mount, or to some distant Place,
 Where crowding Groves a Mid-night Horror shed;
 Where Streams lament, and where pale Spectres tread,
 And where no Part admits an hostile Ray,
 But all the Darkness quite excludes the Day.
 Ye fiery Fiends, abhorr'd by Mortals, rise,
 And tear these Glances from my willing Eyes,

But *Betty*, Consort of the mournful Fair,
 Who plaits the Gown, and who divides the Hair,
 With fleeting Pace whirls to the Student's Tent,
 (The Student's Thoughts on *Locke* and *Newton* bent)
 To her Design unfolds the op'ning Door,
 The Fan, her Lady's Sceptre, now she bore;
 Quite red with Rage, and tost 'twixt Hope and Fear,
 In Words like these address'd the Traitor's Ear.

Curs'd

Curs'd be that Night, and that rapacious Hand,
 Which my frail Mistress helpless cou'dn't withstand,
 And cruel thou that Heart in Woes to steep,
 And teach those Eyes, before untaught, to weep;
 But to my kind Intreaty bow thine Ear,
 And yield, relenting, to my ardent Pray'r :
 Restore the Loss, and to my Eyes now bring,
 Restore the Loss, responsive Echoes ring.

To whom the Youth, than I give back the Prize,
 While the fresh Conquest sparkl'd in his Eyes,
 Sooner shall Tutors to their Pupils bend,
 And weighty Bodies from their Center tend,
 Sooner in Worlds vile Order be exprest,
 Rest turn to Motion, Motion into Rest :
 Than shall regain the best conducted Tongue,
 Or talking, vanquish what I've bravely won.
 In vain thou say'st, then more desist to pray :
 Avert my Anger, and depart away.

Swift she returns, and cleaves the liquid Air,
And mournful bears the Tidings to the Fair.

But while she wept, *Vetusta* now appears,
Whose wrinkl'd Front confess'd a Length of Years
To her Complaint her Mind now freely broke,
And ev'n Experience look'd, before she spoke.
Then thus the Dame (nor be the Gods forgot)
Since all are mortal, mortal is our Lot,
If on this Globe we had our full Desire,
In vain wou'd Heav'n our giddy Souls require;
But just to all has proper Limits fix'd,
And sweet and bitter in one Cup are mix'd,
How oft has *Delia* a sour Frown display'd,
When the rude Tea-pot, ooz'd on her Brocade?
Nor we with one unalter'd Face to glow,
Or shine eternal Angels here below:
Then forward look, nor mourn the Evil past,
Slight the Disgrace, and shortly shall it last.

How many Nymphs deluded by their Spark,
 That skim the *Mall* and trip it o'er the *Park*,
 On their sweet Face have had a double Curse,
 A Reputation lost, nay, something worse?
 What then? The Scandal makes so short a Stay,
 A Moment's Whisper, and it's hush'd away.

Thus while she spoke, each fair one hung in pause,
 Then loudly clap'd their Fans into Applause.

And now, fair Nymph, thy wonted Beauties rear,
 And for Mankind dry up that melting Tear;
 Since naught avails us, peevish to complain,
 To weep thro' Ages is to weep in vain.
 Then o'er thy Grief, O let me cast a Gloss,
 Tho' my free Numbers can't restore thy Loss.
 O! that the Muse cou'd make it upward rise,
 And see it settle in superior Skies:
 Beholding Mortals from our earthly Sphere,
 To view it planted with *Belinda's* Hair.

Altho'

Altho' it can't, thy Fame alone shall shine,
 And that Face beam unknowing to decline:
 Ev'n Crowds of waiting Youths thou shalt descry,
 Nor Want of Numbers bending to thine Eye.
 Ev'n ——— himself his silver Speech shall raise,
 In sweet Oration to thy lasting Praise.
 Respire again, tho' of one Charm bereft,
 And date more Glory from this sacred Theft:
 Nor wonder why thou cou'dn't the Pow'r with-
 stand,
 Of tatter'd Gape and Church-dependent Band.

F I N I S

